

IDEAS.

Some men would rather be right than president, but many others never make any particular effort to be either.

"Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God knows of us."

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—Socrates.

Sweep before your own door.

Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction.—Solomon.

TAKE NOTICE.

Rev. C. Rexford Raymond will preach in the Berea Church Sunday morning.

Miss Anna Griffiths, a noted soprano, of Cincinnati, O., assisted by the Harmonia Society and the Glee Clubs, will give a Concert on Christmas Eve, at the Chapel. Don't miss it.

Admission, Adults 15c. Children 10c. Special notice. If the Citizen comes to you, and you are not a regular subscriber, do not hesitate to receive it. A friend has paid for your paper. You incur no risk whatever.

Read the article "Methods of Mormon Missionaries" also the story, "John Brent."

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

Peace negotiations in China have been stopped by Great Britain's demanding a modification of the joint note signed by all the other Powers.

The Boxers are close upon Peking, and the whole country is in a state of confusion.

Mexico is suffering from a monetary stringency and a partial stoppage of business, owing to the exportation of silver dollars.

The British have met with serious losses in South Africa this week.

The Dutch government has refused to make any effort for arbitration between England and the Transvaal.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The Philippine commission is working upon the tariff bill.

The Senate has been devoting the entire week to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty; it will be voted on to-day.

The balance of trade in favor of the United States for 1900 will be about \$645,000,000.

The Philippine Commission has established police forces in the towns on the Islands.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

The case of Jas. Howard convicted of the murder of Wm. Goebel, was called in the appellate court last week, and was continued to the January term. Briefs were filed in the case of Caleb Powers, and an early decision is expected.

The Annual Meeting of The Kentucky Educational Association will be held in Louisville, Dec. 26-28, 1900.

Mr. John W. Yerkes has been appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue, to succeed George W. Wilson, deceased.

Representative Boreing's bill to create another judicial district in Kentucky has been passed by the House.

Gen. D. R. Collier is considered the most likely man to be appointed as collector of internal revenue for the eighth district of Kentucky.

It is reported that the lawyers who represented Wm. Goebel in his contest before the legislature, and the doctors who attended him on his death bed, threaten suit against the estate of the dead leader to recover fees due them for services rendered.

There is an epidemic of highway robbery in Louisville. From ten to a dozen complaints are daily filed at police headquarters.

Snyder Wiseman and Malcolm Daniels had an altercation at Irvine, Estill county, last Saturday. Daniels, who is the son of the sheriff of Estill county was shot in the shoulder and abdomen.

According to Rev. G. W. Young of Louisville, there are only four places where liquor is sold openly and legally in the Seventh Appellate District of Kentucky, which is composed of twenty-one big counties in the Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Congressional districts.

Locals and Personals.

Mark Spink is confined to his bed with fever.

J. H. Gabbard left on Monday for Tampa Florida.

Robert Truett has rented a house on Center Street.

Miss Mary Scott left last Friday for her home, Marysville, O.

James Burns is occupying the house in the Elder addition.

Mrs. Dodwell has been suffering with malarial fever for several days.

Evan Richardson has purchased, not rented, the Isaacs' Livery Stable and outfit.

THE CITIZEN echoes the first Christmas greeting: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Mr. Ambrose, the genial grocer on Main St., says it was not him, it was his brother.

Mrs. D. W. Oldham of St. Louis is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Ames.

Sam Lucas who was stabbed by Anne Harris, at Richmond last week, is able to be out.

Miss Sarah Bell Jerman has finished her school at Flat Lick and is at home for the winter.

H. K. Richardson has purchased property at State Lick where he will move with his family.

Mrs. W. A. Graham and son left Monday, for their home at Flushing, N. Y. to return to Berea in April.

The mill of Fish and Todd on Owsley Fork of Red Lick, was destroyed by fire last Thursday night.

Miss Nettie Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Richardson and Mr. Roy Davis, were married, last Thursday.

Dec. 16, 1900, at the residence of E. T. Fish, R. L. Ambrose and Melissa Carner were united in marriage by Rev. C. H. Palmer.

Miss Griffiths of Cincinnati, O., who sings at the Concert next Monday night is the best singer who has ever come to Berea.

The monthly meeting of the Town Board was held in the Town Hall, Thursday night last. William Shockly, Town Marshall, handed in his resignation which was accepted.

Walt. Bogie and Eli Cornelius accompanied by Deputy Collector, Millard West and Ed. Doty of Lancaster, returned from a hunting excursion in Garrard Co. They report a good time.

It is very appropriate that Christmas should be ushered in by Music and Song. The proposed concert at the Chapel on Christmas Eve promises to be a very enjoyable affair. Miss Griffiths is an accomplished vocalist.

It is reported that A. P. Settle has sold his house and lot on Center St., to Prof. Mason. Mr. Settle will remove to Richmond. Mr. and Mrs. Settle will be missed in this community as well as in the Baptist Church, of which they are valuable members.

Rev. Gideon A. Burgess, D. D., of Toledo, O.; a graduate of Brown University, and well known to many of the Berea people, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Berea Church. He will begin his labors Jan. 1. We hope to give portrait and life sketch next week.

Honest! You never saw before in Berea a so complete, well selected and choice stock of Jewelry of all kinds, Watches, Clocks, Musical Instruments, China and Glass-ware, and Novelties suitable for Holiday Gifts, as that now offered by T. A. Robinson, Jeweler, Main St. He engraves on Silver, Gold or Pearl.

A goodly congregation of students and citizens attended the Baptist Church Sunday morning. The subject of the sermon was True Wisdom. The night service was well attended. The text, Psalms 144. 12v. Subject: Woman's place and power in the advancement of the race.

In sluggish liver, Herbina, by its beneficial action upon the biliary tracts, renders the bile more fluid, and brings the liver into a sound, healthy condition, thereby banishing the sense of drowsiness, lethargy, and the general feeling of apathy which arise from disorders of the liver. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Madison County.

The Barker Cedar Co's mill at Irvine is running full time, giving employment to about 40 men.

The new road, extending south from J. W. Master's, on the Tate's Creek pike and intersecting the Carner's Ferry road in the neighborhood of S. M. Hill's farm will be opened for travel this week. (Valley View Argonaut.)

Circuit Court closed last Friday after a nearly two weeks session. Tuesday morning, nine convicts were taken to Frankfort to serve sentences ranging from two to four years.

Richmond is named as the seat of one of the judicial districts in representative Boreing's bill creating another judicial district in Kentucky.

Madison County contributed to the State of Kentucky, in taxes for the year 1900, upwards of \$40,000.

H. P. Barclay has been appointed postmaster at Red House, vice J. L. Powell resigned.

Two locktenders houses are to be built on the Kentucky River at Valley View. The contract is to be let Jan. 11, 1901.

Berea College Items.

Miss Jennie Estill has returned for the winter term.

Girls are doing a good thing who join the beginners class in nursing.

Miss Flora Edwards and Mr. Ewers have returned from a visit to Milford, Ohio.

Geo. W. Auten, graduate of Berea, class of '98 is a law student at Three Rivers, Mich.

The Manual Training Department is well patronized this year but there is still room for bright pupils.

Joseph Emery, a former student at Berea, now living in Cincinnati, expects to send a daughter to Berea soon.

Prof. Edward B. Evans, has a good position in the public schools of Toledo, Ohio. His address is 111 Twelfth St.

A. B. Deany, once a student at Berea, is studying medicine at Nashville, Tenn. His address is 130 Lafayette place.

Horace Caldwell, a former student at Berea from Tennessee is a member of Co. D, 44th Inf. U. S. A., Manila, P. I.

Dr. Geo. T. Fairchild attended the State Declamatory Contest, at Lexington, Ky., last Thursday. Dr. Fairchild acted as judge in the contest. Since his return last Saturday, he has been quite unwell and not able to resume his duties.

The advantages of the Music Department are greater than some people realize. The remarkable progress of pupils in cabinet organ, piano, and voice, and the remarkably low rates, make this department most attractive to all who have musical taste.

Christmas Day is getting to be a light thing in Berea since the term has been opening in the middle of December. This year through the kindness of friends in Cincinnati, two Christmas trees are to be provided and there will be some present for every student.

Alpha Zeta Literary Society opened its winter term Friday night, with a rousing meeting. A good program was presented. The following were elected officers. W. B. Beatty, President; R. H. Field, Vice Pres.; Geo. W. Pow, Rec. Sec.; A. E. Sutherland, Cor. Sec.; Ollie R. McNutt, Treas.; W. H. Humphrey, Critic.

It Pays to Come Long Distances to Reach Berea College.

The Citizen holds interviews with students from several states.

A representative of THE CITIZEN met a number of young people who had come long distances to reach Berea College, and was interested to learn how they heard about the Institution, and what difficulties they had to overcome in getting a start in education. Each one was also asked whether he would advise his friends to follow his example in making a long journey to reach the best school.

Mr. Claude H. Schram, from Michigan, said that his father first learned about Berea College from a neighboring preacher. His greatest difficulty was in convincing himself that he could come so far, and in getting the people at home to believe that they could spare him. "I certainly wish all my friends to come—shall try to have my brother here next year."

Mr. John Atkeson, from Magoffin Co., Ky., first heard of Berea through the "Peoples Institute" held at Salyersville by Professors Raymond and Dinsmore. Had to go thirty-six miles over bad roads to reach the railroad. Some of his neighbors were prejudiced against Berea, "but that did not bother me any." "I want my friends to come by all means, and think there will be a great many more from our county next year."

Miss Louise Brown, from North Carolina, had wished to attend some good school and wrote to Mr. Moody's school at Northfield, Mass. The people there told her that Berea was nearer and advised her to come here. "There were two obstacles: lack of money, and the fact that my parents thought I had education enough already! I certainly would encourage my friends to come. I am corresponding with a number now, and my brother is planning to follow my example."

Miss Ellen Click, from Tennessee, was clerk in a post-office and noticed a chance circular from Berea. If she had known as much then as she does now she might have come sooner. Her difficulties were distance and lack of means, but she came after all. "Do you wish your friends to come as you have done?" "Yes, every last one of them."

Miss Nevada Wright from West Virginia heard of Berea through her teachers. The sickness of a brother and lack of means delayed her coming. "I am just fixing to send a letter to a dear friend who ought to come to Berea this winter."

Frances Schultz from Ohio heard of Berea through a neighbor girl who had been here to school. Was obliged to plan and work before she could get the money to come. Is advising all her friends to come, especially those just through with the High School course.

Ralph Field from Vermont saw some notice of Berea in a newspaper. Was hindered by the fact that it was so far, and it took some time to convince him that a southern school could really have the well trained teachers and library and other equipments of a northern school. "I certainly advise young people to come to Berea, but not unless they are willing to exert themselves. I would not encourage anyone to come unless he is resolved to do his best."

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THE CITIZEN.

BEREA - - - KENTUCKY.

Read, Reflect, Act!

Mr. Covington, of Covington & Mitchell has purchased the interest of Mr. Mitchell, deceased, from the administrators, to take effect January 1, 1901. In order to meet our obligations by Jan. 1st, it will be necessary for us to do the greatest business in our career. Our entire stock in this short time must be converted into money, and we know of no better way to bring about this result quick than

Extraordinary Low Prices.

After a careful consideration we concluded to name such Low Prices on every item in our store as will cause people to wonder.

It has taken a great deal of courage to do this at the very beginning of the Fall Season. But, we figure on doing a tremendous volume of business and at the same time feel that by giving mighty values that we are going to make many new and lasting Customers and increase the prestige of this store for the future. Now, we know, everybody knows that we always have given the best merchandise the market affords. For the Fall our stock of

Men's and Boy's Clothing, Furnishings, Hats, and Shoes

Is better, stronger and More Original than ever before. Of course, the early buyers will get the cream of selection and those who grasp the opportunity now will show their good judgement.

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Call and see our line before buying elsewhere.

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NOT TOO LATE TO BEGIN SCHOOL AT BEREA—MORE STUDENTS THAN EVER—BUT A CHANCE AND A WELCOME FOR YOU.

DOUBLE LYNCHING.

Two Colored Men Put to Death by Infuriated Citizens at Rockport, Ind.

HAD BRUTALLY MURDERED A BARBER.

The Mob Took the Culprits From the Jail and Hanged Them to a Nearby Tree.

One of the Murderers Confessed, Implicating the Other One—The Swinging Bodies Were Filled Full of Bullets.

Rockport, Ind., Dec. 17.—Two Negroes, Jim Henderson and Bud Rowlands, who waylaid, brutally murdered and robbed Hollie Simons, a white barber, early Sunday morning, were lynched in the jail yard by a mob of 1,000 frenzied citizens Sunday night. The Negroes were arrested early in the morning, and, although Rowlands' clothing had blood stains on it, the men claimed they were innocent of the crime.

As soon as their arrest became known and it was proven beyond doubt that they were the guilty parties a mob of bloodthirsty citizens armed with sledge hammers, ropes and guns were running to the jail.

Using a telegraph pole as a battering ram and caved in the side wall of the jail. The door of Rowlands cell was then quickly broken in with sledge hammers and he was dragged from the jail to the east side of the court yard, where a noose was placed about his neck.

He was given time to make a statement, in which he implicated Jim Henderson and another Negro. Rowland then begged piteously for mercy, but the mob swiftly swung the confessed murderer to a tree and ridged his body with bullets.

Leaving the body of Rowland dangling from the limb of the tree, the mob rushed back to the jail and attempted to burst open the cell occupied by Henderson, but before the steel bars yielded to the blows of the sledges some one in the crowd fired upon the terrified Negro as he crouched in the corner of his cell. A few moments more and the door of the cell was broken in. The Negro, more dead than alive, was dragged at a rope's end to the court house yard and swung on the tree beside the body of Rowland.

Firing a parting volley at the swinging bodies, the mob, eager for another victim, hurried away to locate the other Negro implicated by Rowland in his confession. He was found at a hotel where he was employed as porter. The Negro escaped to the roof of the building, and Manager Debruler succeeded in convincing the mob that the porter had nothing to do with the crime, proving an alibi for him.

The Negroes' victim, Hollie Simons, was waylaid and murdered in the most brutal manner one square from the main street of the city as he was going to his home from his barber shop at 2 o'clock Sunday morning. As was customary with him, he carried the receipts of the day at his place of business.

Walter Evans, one of the young men who attempted to save Simons' life, and afterward assisted in the removal of the murdered man's remains to his home, was greatly affected and almost suffered nervous collapse. Sunday night he witnessed the lynching, and he lost his reason.

The dead man's wife is prostrated, and it is believed she will die from the shock. Hollie Simons came from Winslow, Ind., some years ago, and was a popular young man.

MANY ENGLISH CAPTURED.

British Troops Badly Beaten in a Battle at Nootgedacht—Four Officers Killed.

London, Dec. 15.—Lord Kitchener reports that after severe fighting at Nootgedacht, Gen. Clement's forces were compelled to retire by Commandant Delarey with a force of 2,500 men. Four British officers were killed. The other casualties were not reported. Lord Kitchener's official dispatch to the war office is as follows:

"Pretoria, Dec. 13.—Clement's force at Nootgedacht, on the Magaliesburg, was attacked at dawn to-day by Delarey, reinforced by Beyers' commando from Warmbath, making a force estimated at 2,500. Though the first attack was repulsed, the Boers managed to get atop of the Magaliesburg, which was held by four companies of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and were thus able to command Clement's camp. He retired on Heikpoort and took up a position on a hill in the center of the valley. The casualties have not been completely reported, but the fighting was very severe and I deeply regret that Col. Legge, of the 20th Hussars, and Capt. Macbean, Murdoch and Atkins were killed. Reinforcements have left here."

Contract for Seeds.

Washington, Dec. 15.—The lowest bidder for the contract of furnishing seeds for congressional distribution during the fiscal year 1902, received by the agricultural department, was the New York Market Gardeners' association, \$101,975. Among other estimates submitted were the Henry Philipps Seed and Implement Co., Toledo, O., \$113,065, and the Ullathorne Seed Co., Memphis, Tenn., \$119,967.

A FURTHER DELAY.

British Minister Now Demands a Modification of a Point in the Joint Note.

THE NATURE OF IT NOT MADE PUBLIC

This Stops Peace Negotiations, as All Envoys Must Communicate Anew With Their Governments.

The Russian Government Repudiates the Charge That the Yang Tsun-Shan Hai Kwan Railroad Was Held Illegally.

Tien-Tsin, Dec. 15.—According to credible sources of Chinese information Emperor Kwang Su will agree to the following ten demands of the powers:

First—Indemnity to the amount of 700,000,000 taels, payable in 60 years and guaranteed by the Li Kin.

Second—The erection in Peking of a suitable monument to the memory of Baron Von Ketteler.

Third—An imperial prince, a near relative to the emperor, to go to Berlin to apologize and to express regret for the murder.

Fourth—Foreign troops to hold the lines of communication between Taku and Peking.

Fifth—Punishment of the Boxer officials.

Sixth—Candidates from districts where anti-foreign outrages have been perpetrated not to be allowed to compete in the Chinese examinations in Peking for five years.

Seventh—Abolition of the Tsung Li Yamen.

Eighth—Foreign envoys to have access to the emperor at all times.

Ninth—Importation of arms and ammunition into the province of Chi Li to be abolished.

Tenth—The land and sea forts between Shan Hai Kwan, Taku and Peking to be destroyed.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 17.—The official Messenger publishes an inspired statement as to the views of the Russian government concerning the Yang Tsun-Shan Hai Kwan railroad, repudiating the charge that the Russians have acted illegally in holding the line, contending that Russia's action was necessitated by military considerations, declining to recognize the British as owners of the line, but admitting that they have the preponderating financial interest, and finally promising to restore it to the former administration after the foreign troops have evacuated the province of Chi Li.

Peking, Dec. 17.—Definite instructions, supplementing Saturday's communication from London, have been received by Sir Ernest Mason Satow, the British minister, and he now demands a modification of a point in the joint note which the foreign governments generally regard as important. This means further delay, as all the ministers must communicate anew with their respective governments. Just what is the nature of the objection raised by Great Britain the ministers decline to say, but they admit that the new demand will involve a good deal more diplomatic procedure.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Officials here are at a loss to understand the reasons for the important modification in the joint Chinese note which it is reported the British minister to Peking is to demand before signing that document preparatory to its presentation to the Chinese plenipotentiaries. They have no information on the subject, as nothing has been heard from Mr. Conger on the matter for some days. The understanding here has been that the joint note as agreed upon by the envoys was in the main satisfactory to the British government. She simply desired a slight amendment, said to be in the nature of a mere change in style of language to be used, rather than any amendment to the scope of the agreement. This did not conflict with any of the principles held out for by our government. Such being the case, it was expected that the signature of the British minister would be promptly affixed to the agreement and the note soon presented to the Chinese.

Boers to Settle in German Africa. Berlin, Dec. 17.—According to the Lokal Anzeiger, 80 Cape Colony Boers, now in Amsterdam with their families, have been granted permission to settle in German Southwest Africa, the German government having just assented to the purchase of lands by them in Damaraland and Great Hamaland. The Boers will leave Amsterdam January 5.

England Wants Turkey to Settle.

Constantinople, Dec. 17.—Owing to the success of the United States in pressing claims for compensation in connection with the Armenian disorders, Great Britain is now urging the Ottoman government to pay similar claims put forward by British subjects. It is said that energetic means will be taken to obtain settlement.

The Kaiser's Sub.

Berlin, Dec. 13.—In the refectory Wednesday Dr. Hasse, the Pan-German leader, sharply criticized the failure of the government to receive Mr. Kruger.

An Extra Holiday.

New York, Dec. 14.—The members of the cotton exchange Thursday voted to make December 24 a holiday. The motion to close on December 31 was lost.

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS

Second Session.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Senate—Bills introduced Tuesday: By Senator Scott, directing the secretary of the treasury to pay Edward Tearnay, of Jefferson county, West Virginia, and Walter Shirley, also of Jefferson county, West Virginia, \$4,243 and \$6,739 for supplies taken by United States troops during the civil war. The first speech in opposition to the ship subsidy bill in the senate was delivered by Mr. Clay. The oleomargarine bill, just passed by the house, was referred to the committee on agriculture.

House—Bills introduced Tuesday: To pension T. B. Lehan at \$24 a month; to pension John P. C. Shanks, colonel of the 7th Indiana cavalry, at the rate of \$50 a month; directing the secretary of the treasury to pay to G. W. Ratliff, of Ivy, W. Va., \$250 for building material taken by United States troops during the civil war. The debate on the war revenue reduction bill opened Tuesday.

Washington, Dec. 13.—Senate—No business was transacted Wednesday. The members went over to the house to participate in the centennial celebration over the removal of the national capital to Washington.

House—No business was transacted owing to the centennial celebration ceremonies in the house.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Senate—In executive session on Thursday an amendment to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was passed. This amendment in the essence will permit the United States to defend an isthmian canal, but not to fortify it. For nearly three hours Thursday Mr. Hanna, of Ohio, addressed the senate on the pending ship subsidy bill. While he had spoken heretofore on the floor of the senate, his effort Thursday really was his first formal speech to the body since he became a member of it.

House—Bills introduced Thursday: To pension William Gould at \$35 a month; to pension James Mantack at \$30 a month; to pension Anthony McCall at \$20 a month; George J. Wilson, Joseph Farnsworth, Nancy J. Marple at \$24 a month; Benjamin J. Dewees at \$24 a month; to pension William H. Miller at \$50 a month; to pension Eddie Wigginton at \$30 a month; directing the secretary of the treasury to pay \$130 to Nancy Gates for supplies taken by United States troops.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Senate—Nearly all of Friday the senate was in secret session, discussing the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. No business of importance was transacted in the brief open session except the adoption of the house resolution providing for a holiday recess to extend from Friday, December 21, to Thursday, January 3.

House—The house adjourned Friday without disposing of more than half the war revenue reduction bill. An effort to reduce the tax on beer failed. Mr. Smith (Mich.) had an amendment passed compelling the express companies to pay for stamps on express receipts instead of the shipper. A reapportionment bill was introduced making the membership of the house 357.

Washington, Dec. 17.—No business of importance was transacted in the senate Saturday.

House—The house Saturday passed the war revenue reduction bill. The amendment placed in the bill to tax express receipts was defeated by a vote of 125 to 139. Mr. Powers (Vt.) offered an amendment providing that the income tax would not be levied on the estates of persons who died prior to June 13, 1902. It was adopted—54 to 43. The pension appropriation bill, carrying \$145,745,330, also passed. Representative Norton introduced the following bill: Providing that any regularly enlisted soldier of the war of the rebellion who served, by detail or assignment, on duty as a commissioned officer, shall be entitled to the same pay as a regularly commissioned officer for duties so performed, and shall be considered as promoted and mustered to that rank, whether commissioned or not, and shall be entitled to the same grade of pension as is provided for officers of the rank in which said soldier was assigned to duty.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Dec. 15.	
CATTLE—Common	\$2 50
Extra butchers	4 55
CALVES—Extra	6 55
HOGS—Choice packers	4 85
Mixed packers	4 55
SHEEP—Extra	3 75
LAMBS—Extra	5 15
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	77
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	39
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	25
RYE—No. 2	53
HAY—Best timothy.	14 75
PORK—Family	12 25
LARD—Steam	6 85
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	15
Choice creamery	27
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	2 75
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 50
TOBACCO—New	10 00
Old	12 00

Chicago.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 65
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	72 1/2
No. 3 spring	66
CORN—No. 2	37
OATS—No. 2	23 1/2
RYE	49
PORK—Mess	11 12 1/2
LARD—Steam	7 12 1/2

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	45 1/2
OATS—No. 2	27 1/2
RYE	56 1/2
PORK—Family	15 50
LARD—Steam	7 50

Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	72
Southern	68
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	43 1/2
OATS—No. 2	28
CATTLE—Butchers	4 75
HOGS—Western	5 30

Louisville.	
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	75
CORN—Mixed	41
OATS—Mixed	36
MEAT—Mess	11 99

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR LADS AND LASSIES.



this time the lifeboat was sheathed with ice, the seas having frozen on the planking, and being thus weighted down, it was considered prudent to take in only nine of the vessel's crew. With these a start was made for the shore, which was regained after another valiant and perilous passage. Two more trips were made to the wrecks by the life-savers, their boat at times being flooded and partially beaten back, and once nearly thrown end over end on the reef. The men themselves were drenched with icy water, which made their work much harder to endure.

Their heroic and indomitable efforts were crowned with full success, every one on the two vessels, 24 in all, being saved. Many of these were almost frozen and nearly starved, and were immediately taken by the citizens to the fires on the beach where there was food.

I cannot do better here than to quote from the report of the general superintendent of the life-saving service touching this memorable achievement of the Ship canal crew: "To have come rushing through the night and tempest over so many snowy leagues to the rescue of a group of despairing sailors, and then, with hearts greater than danger, to have gone out again and again through the dreadful breakers and brought every man ashore, was a feat so boldly adventurous that the current accounts of it in the public journals roused, at the time, the whole lake region to intense enthusiasm, and sent thrills of sympathy and admiration through the country."

WITCH HAZEL SEEDS.

They Are Expelled from the Pods with a Force and Sound of Entry Artillery.

What boy or girl who has ever gone nutting in October has not been arrested among the underbrush by a sound of fairy artillery, or even been hit on the cheek by a solid piece of ammunition in the shape of a glossy black seed? asks Dora Read Goodale in St. Nicholas. Looking about for your assailant, you see only a tall shrub, whose leafless branches are hung with fringes of gold, and wonder, perhaps, why those delicate blossoms mature at a time when most wild flowers have finished their season's work—when, as Bryant says: "Frosts and shortening days portend The aged Year is near his end."

But look closer among those tardy gold fringes and you will see clusters of oddly shaped pods, some empty and yawning like miniature cannons, others still loaded and ready to fire their handsome little missiles when the right moment arrives.

This curious shrub, which takes a whole year to mature its fruit, is the witch-hazel, or hamamelis—the same



POP GO THE LITTLE SEEDS.

that we know as a bottle-genius ready to cure our cuts and bruises. To see how the shooting is done, it is worth while to bring a branch of the seed-pods indoors and to study their mechanism more at leisure. As the fruit ripens the outer coat of the pod separates from the inner, and this outer shell splits down from the top, while the elastic inner covering also splits, and its edges press on the seeds. This pressure in time expels the hard little nut in much the same way that an apple-seed (almost identical in shape) is "fired" by the pressure of a boy's thumb and forefinger.

The witch-hazel always impresses me as a very spirited plant, full of will power and energy, and determined that its children shall have a good start in the world. It is said that its seeds are sometimes thrown a distance of 45 feet, and, while I cannot vouch for this, I do know that they will strike one very forcibly at a distance of 12 or 15. By this ingenious contrivance the young witch-hazel folks begin life at a distance, where the ground has been neither shaded nor exhausted by the parent bush.

The witch-hazel is common over all eastern America, and any young naturalist may see it sowing its crops or lighting the woods with its eldritch smile as late as Thanksgiving day.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

All hail the Christmastide, to us this day The Christ was born, who in the manger lay: A babe was He, and yet the "new-born King," To whom all peoples joyous tribute bring. The world abounds in gladness and good cheer Since Christ of heaven now to earth draws near, While angel choirs their anthems chant afar, And glory light beams bright from Bethlehem's star.

He comes a child, yet Master is of all, To mansions great, and to the cottage small, Where children gather for their sports and play, And saintly men devoutly kneel to pray.

Where sorrow sits and sings its plaintive song, Where weakness strives against aggressive wrong, Where men are fighting manfully for right, And bravest falter in the thick of fight.

Where those bereft in sadness nurse their grief, And tired and weary souls find no relief, He comes with light and hope, with joy and peace, In His good cheer affording sweet release.

Receive Him then on this glad Christmas morn, That in your hearts the Christ may be new-born; May He in you, and you in Him abide, Then yours shall be a happy Christmastide.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

The Season Pre-Eminently One of Brotherly Love—Peace and Good Will on Earth.

By common consent, Christmas is the cheeriest season of the year. There are other festive occasions, such as Thanksgiving, which bring joy to many homes, and there are other feasts, such as Easter and Whitsuntide, which have conspicuous places on the calendars of the liturgical sects. But by a process of evolution, which is partly religious and partly social, Christmas emerged as the most prominent feast of the church year in the estimation of the majority.

Christmas, despite the excessive enthusiasm of some and the ascetic indifference of others, is properly a season of cheer. It is well to have, at least, one season of the year when the cares of life cease for a little their hard grinding, and all try to look happy, even if they do not feel so. Christmas cheer should be emphatically, in the deeper sense of the term, good cheer. There is no birthday so deserving of celebration as that of the Lord Christ, which makes possible any Christmas at all, and Christmas can be in no wise truly observed where the spiritual significance of the advent joy is forgotten. The real meaning of Christmas resides primarily not in the passing of gifts from man to man, but in the giving of the one unspeakable gift from God to man. Its joy is emphatically a Gospel joy. The mirth may be hearty and varied, but it must be a godly mirth. If it rollicks it should not riot; if it infects hearts with a contagious glee the gladness should be an outpouring from heart to heart of the great joy of salvation which God, in sending a Jesus who "shall save His people from their sins," has poured into all humble souls.

Christmas cheer! Let it be full, rich, free! Let it serve as the recognition and expression first of all of the abounding grace of a redeeming God, and secondly of that good-will among men which is the proper and logical result of the Gospel of His dear Son. For he only can be really cheerful who shuts his heart to all malice, hatred and jealousy, and who opens his heart wide to the graces of good-will, mercy and generosity. The spirit of Christmas is that of brotherly love. Its outward festivities are the natural and inevitable expression of a joyous sense of the nearness both of God to man and of man to man. Observed in this spirit, and marked not only by thoughtful exchanges of tokens of esteem between attached friends, but also by generous gifts to the poor and unfortunate, Christmas will prove a day of rare delight and spiritual profit. For he will have most of Christmas cheer in his own soul who, in imitation of the great gift of God's dear Son, gives himself with his gifts in ministry to his fellows, and who most seeks to make Christian cheer to abound in the now shadowed hearts of his fellow men.—N. Y. Observer.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

Faith frames fate.—Kam's Horn. Praise is as natural to the soul that prays as prayer is natural to the soul that praises.—F. D. Booth-Tucker.

Beware of the spirit and temper which would turn all the days into tenter-hooks on which to hang complaints.—Robert Collyer.

Certainly love is the force by which and hope the place in which God chiefly fashions souls to their fine issues.—Rev. W. C. Gannett.

The character of Christ is the foundation of Christianity. What he was and is in His distinct personality is the vital principle underlying all He did and taught.—Rev. Dr. Wilson.

If He has given us all things, have we any business to live as spiritual paupers? Half the reason why we don't praise Him as we ought is because we don't really believe what great things He has given us.—F. E. Havergal.

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

Don Fulano, a horse that would not sell, was my profit for the sternest and roughest work of my life! I looked at him, and looked at the mine, that pile of pretty pebbles, that pile of bogus ore, and I did not regret my bargain. I never have regretted it. "My kingdom for a horse"—so much of a kingdom as I had I had given.

But was that all I gained—an unsalable horse for two years' work? All—unless, perhaps, I conclude to calculate the incalculable; unless I estimate certain moral results I had grasped, and have succeeded in keeping; unless I determine to value patience, purpose and pluck by dollars and cents. However, I have said enough of myself and my share in the preparations for the work of my story.

Retire, then, Richard Wade, and let the real hero of the tale enter.

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN BRENT.

A man who does not love luxury is merely an incomplete man, or, if he prefers, an ignoramus. A man who can not dispense with luxury, and who does not love hard fare, hard bed, hard travel, and all manner of robust, vigorous, tense work, is a weakling and a soft. The wilderness is "no mean city," hemlock or heather for couch, broken for curtain, are not cruelty; prairie gales are a brave lullaby for adults.

Simple furniture and simple fare for a campaigner needs for the plains—for chamber furniture, a pair of blankets; for kitchen furniture, a frying-pan and a coffee-pot; for table furniture, a tin mug and his bowie-knife. Sybaris (an ancient city noted for its luxury) adds a tin plate, a spoon, and even a fork. The list of provisions is as short—pork, flour and coffee; that is all, unless Sybaris should indulge in a modicum of tea, a dose or two of sugar, and a vial of vinegar for holidays.

I had several days for preparation, until my companions, the mail-riders, should arrive. One morning I was busy making up my packs of such luxuries as I have mentioned for the journey, when I heard the clatter of horses' feet, and observed a stranger approach and ride up to the door of my shanty. He was mounted upon a powerful iron-gray horse and drove a pack mule and an Indian pony.

My name was on an elaborately painted shingle over the door. It was my own handiwork, and quite a lion in that region. I felt, whenever I inspected that bit of high art, that, fail or win at the mine, I had a resource. Indeed, my Pike neighbors seemed to think that I was unjustifiably burying my artistic talents.

Many a not unseemly octagonal (eight-sided) slug, with Moffat & Co.'s imprimatur (mark) of value, had been offered me if I would paint up some miner's hell, as "The True Paradise," or "The Shades and Calfy de Paris."

The new-comer read my autograph on the shingle, looked about, caught sight of me at work in the hot shade, dismounted, fastened his horse, and came toward me. It was not the fashion in California, at that time, to volunteer civility or acquaintance. Men had to announce themselves, and prove their claims. I sat where I was, and surveyed the stranger.

Adonis (a model of manly beauty) of the copper-skinned! I said to myself. "This is the 'Young Eagle,' or the 'Sucking Dove,' or the 'Maiden's Lane,' or some other great chief of the cleanest Indian tribe on the continent. A beautiful youth! O Fenimore, why are you dead! There are a dozen romances in one look of that young brave. One chapter might be written on his fringed buckskin shirt; one on his equally fringed leggings, with their stripe of porcupine-quills; and one short chapter on his moccasins, with their scarlet cloth instep-piece, and his cap of otter fur decked with an eagle's feather. What a poem the fellow is! I wish I was an Indian myself for such a companion; or, better, a squaw, to be made love to by him."

As he approached I perceived that he was not copper, but bronze. A pale-face certainly! That is, a pale-face tinged by the brzen sun of a California summer. Not less handsome, however, as a Saxon, than an Indian brave. As soon as I identified him as one of my own race, I began to fancy I had seen him before.

"If he were but shaved and clipped, black-coated, booted, gloved, habited with a shiny cylinder, disarmed of his dangerous looking arsenal, and armed with a plaything of a cane—in short, if he were metamorphosed from a knight-errant into a carpet-knight, changed from a smooth rough into a smooth smooth—seems to me I should know him, or know that I had known him once."

He came up, laid his hand familiarly on my arm, and said, "What, Wade? Don't you remember me? John Brent."

"I hear your voice. I begin to see you now. Hurray!"

"How was it I did not recognize you," said I, after a fraternal greeting.

"Ten years have presented me with this for a disguise," said he, giving his moustache a twist. "Ten years of experience have taken all the girl out of me."

"What have you been doing these ten years, since College, O many-sided man?"

"Grinding my sides against the Adamant, every one."

"Has your diamond begun to see light, and shine?"

"The polishing-dust dims it still."

"How have you found life, kind or cruel?"

"Certainly not kind, hardly cruel, unless indifference is cruelty."

"But indifference, want of sympathy, must have been a positive relief after the aggressive cruelty of your younger days."

"And what have you been doing, Richard?"

"Everything that Yankees do—digging last."

"That has been my business, too, as well as polishing."

"The old work, I suppose, to root out lies and plant in truth."

"That same slow task. Tunneling too, to find my way out of the prison of doubt into the freedom of faith."

"You are out, then, at last. Happy and at peace, I hope."

"At peace, hardly happy. How can such a lonely fellow be happy?"

"We are peers in bereavement now. My family are all gone, except two little children of my sister."

"Not quite peers. You remember your relatives tenderly. I have no such comfort."

Odd talk this may seem, to hold with an old friend. Ten years apart! We ought to have met in merrier mood. We might, if we had parted with happy memories. But it was not so. Youth has been a hard season to Brent. If fate destined a man to teach, she compels him to learn—bitter lessons, too, whether he will or no. Brent was a man of genius. All experience, therefore, piled itself upon him. He must learn the immortal consolations of probing all suffering himself.

Brent's story is a short one or a long one. It can be told in page, or in a score of volumes. We had 14 years before in the same pew of Berkeley college chapel, grammars by our side and tutors before us, two well-crammed candidates for the Freshman class. Brent was a delicate, beautiful, dreamy boy. My counterpart. I was plain prose, and needed the poetic element. We became friends. I was steady; he was erratic. I was calm; he was passionate. I was reasonably happy; he was totally miserable. For good cause.

The cause was this; and it has broken weaker hearts than Brent's. His heart was made of stuff that does not know how to break.

Dr. Swerger was the cause of Brent's misery. The Reverend Dr. Swerger was a brutal man. One who believes that God is vengeance alone, naturally imitates his God, and does not better his model.

Swerger was Brent's step-father. Mrs. Brent was pretty, silly, rich, and a widow. Swerger wanted his wife pretty, and not too wise; and that she was rich balanced, perhaps a little more than balanced, the slight objection of widowhood.

One day matters came to a quarrel. Swerger cursed his step-son; of course not in the same terms the sailors used on Long Wharf, but with no better spirit. The mother, cowed by her husband, backed him, and abandoned the boy. They drove him out of the house, to go where he would. He came to me. I gave him half my quarters and tried to cheer him. No use. This bitter wrong to his love to God and to man almost crushed him. He brooded and despaired. He began to fancy himself the lost soul Swerger had called him. I saw that he would die or go mad; or, if he had strength enough to react, it would be toward a hapless rebellion against conventional laws, and so make his blight ruin. I hurried him off to Europe, for change of scene. That was ten years ago, and I had not seen him since. I knew, however, that his mother was visited by compunctions; that she wished to be reconciled to her son; that Swerger refused, and renewed his anathemas; that he bullied the poor little woman to death; that Brent had to wring the property out of him by a long lawsuit, which the Swergerites considered an unconstitutional and devilish proceeding, another proof of total depravity. Miserable business! It went near to crush all the innocence, faith, hope, and religion out of my friend's life.

This was the man who rode up on the iron-gray horse. This was the Indianesque Saxon who greeted me. It put color and poetry into my sulky life to see him.

"Off, old fellow?" said Brent, pointing his whip at my traps. "I can't hear him squeak, but I'm sure there is a pig in that gunny bag, and flour in that sack. I hope you're not away for a long trip just as I have come to squat with you."

"No longer than home across the plains."

"Bravo! then we'll ride together instead of squatting together. Instead of your teaching me quartz-mining, I'll guide you across the Rockies."

"You know the way, then."

"Every foot of it. Last fall I hunted up from Mexico and New Mexico with an English friend. We made winter headquarters with Capt. Ruby at Fort Laramie, knocking about all winter in that neighborhood, and at the north among the Wind River mountains. Early in the spring we went off toward Luggernel Alley and the Luggernel Springs, and camped there for a month."

"Luggernel Alley! Luggernel Springs! Those are new names to me; in fact, my Rocky mountain geography is naught."

"You ought to see them. Luggernel Alley is one of the wonders of this continent."

So I think now that I have seen it. It was odd, too, what afterward I remembered as a coincidence, that

our first talk should have turned to a spot where we were to do and to suffer, by and by.

"There is something Frenchy in the name of Luggernel," said I.

"Yes; it is a corruption of La Grenouille. There was a famous Canadian trapper of that name, or nickname. He discovered the springs. The Alley, a magnificent gorge, leads to them. I will describe the whole to you at length, some time."

"Who was your English friend?"

"Sir Biron Biddulph—a capital fellow, pink in the cheeks, warm in the heart, strong in the shanks, mighty on the hunt."

"Hunting for love of it?"

"No, for love itself, or rather the lack of love. A lovely lady in his native Lancashire would not smile; so he turned butcher of buffalo, bears and big-horn."

"Named he the 'fair but frozen maid'?"

"Never. It seems there is something hapless or tragic about her destiny. She did not love him; so he came away to forget her. He made no secret of it. We arrived in Utah last July, on our way to see California. There he got letters from home, announcing, as he told me, some coming misfortune to the lady. As a friend, no longer a lover, he proposed to do what he could to avert the danger. I left him in Salt Lake, preparing to return, and came across country alone."

"Alone! through the Indian country with that tempting iron-gray, those tempting packs, that tempting scalp, with its love-locks! Why, the sight of your scalp alone would send a thrill through every Indian heart from Bear river to the Dalles of the Columbia! Perhaps, by the way, you've been scalped already, and are safe?"

"No; the mop's my own mop. Scalp's all right. Wish I could say the same of the brains. The Indians would not touch me. I am half savage, you know. In this and my former trip I have become a privileged character—something of a medicine-man."

"I suppose you can talk to them. You used to have the gift of tongues."

"Yes; I have choked down two or three of their guttural lingos, and can sputter them up as easily as I used to gabble Greek verses in college. I like the fellows. They are not ideal heroes; they have not succeeded in developing a civilization, or in adopting ours, and therefore I suppose they must go down, as pine trees go down, to make room for tougher stalks and fruitier growth; but I like the fellows, and don't believe in their utter devilry. I have always given the dogs a good name, and they have been good dogs to me. I like thorough men, too; and what an Indian knows, he knows, so that it is a part of him. It is a good corrective for an artificial man to find himself less of a man, under certain difficulties, than a child of nature. You know this, of course, as well as I do."

"Yes; we campaigners get close to the heart of Mother Nature, and she teaches us, tenderly or roughly, but thoroughly. By the way, how did you fine me out?"

"I heard some Pikes, at a camp last night, talking of some person who had sold a quartz mine for a wonderful horse. I asked the name. They told me yours, and directed me here. Except for this talk, I should have gone down to San Francisco, and missed you."

"Lucky horse! He brings old friends together—a good one! Come and see him."

CHAPTER V.

ACROSS COUNTRY.

I led my friend toward the corral.

"A fine horse, that gray of yours," said I.

"Yes; a splendid fellow—staunch and true. He will go till he dies."

"In tip-top condition, too. What do you call him?"

"Pumps!"

"Why Pumps? Why not Pistons? or Cranks? or Walking-Beams? or some part of the steam-engine that does the going directly?"

"You have got the wrong clue. I named him after our old dancing-master. Pumps the horse has a favorite amble, precisely like that skipping walk that Pumps the man used to set us for model—a mincing gait, that prejudiced me until I saw what a stride he kept for the time when stride was wanting."

"Here is my black gentleman. What do you think of him?"

Don Fulano trotted up and licked a handful of corn from my hand. Corn was four dollars a bushel. The profits of the "Foolrunner" Mine did not allow of such luxuries. But old Gerriard had presented me with a sack of it.

Fulano crunched his corn, snorted his thanks, and then snuffed questioningly, and afterwards approvingly, about the stranger.

"Soul and body of Bucephalus!" (the famous war-horse of Alexander the Great) says Brent. "There is a quadruped that is a horse."

"Isn't he?" said I, thrilling with pride for him.

"To look at such a fellow is a romance. He is the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

"No exceptions?"

"Not one."

"Woman! lovely woman!" I cried, with mock enthusiasm.

"If I had ever seen a woman to compare with that horse, after her kind, I should not be here."

"Where then?"

"Where she was. Living for her. Dying for her. Chasing her if she were dragged from me. Snatching her from the jaws of death."

(To be continued.)

A FAVORED NATION.

Dr. Talmage Speaks of Prosperity of American People.

Divine Blessings Showered Upon Us —He Draws Comparisons Between Our Own and Other Countries.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.]

Dr. Talmage preaches a discourse of Christian patriotism and shows the resources of our country and predicts the time when all the world will have the same blessings. His two texts are Revelation xxi., 13: "On the south three gates;" Psalm cxlvii.: "He hath not dealt so with any nation."

Among the greatest needs of our country is more gratitude to God for the unparalleled prosperity bestowed upon us. One of my texts calls us to international comparison. What nation on all the planet has of late had such enlargement of commercial opportunity as is now opening before this nation? Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippine islands brought into close contact with us, and through steamship subsidy and Nicaragua canal, which will surely be afforded by congress, all the republics of South America will be brought into most active trade with the United States. "On the south three gates." While our next-door neighbors, the southern republics and neighboring colonies, imported from European countries 3,000 miles away \$675,000,000 worth of goods in a year, only \$126,000,000 worth went from the United States—\$126,000,000 out of \$675,000,000, only one-fifth of the trade ours. European nations taking the four fingers and leaving us the poor thumb. Now all this is to be changed. There is nothing but a comparative ferry between the islands which have recently come under our protection, and only a ferry between us and Bolivia, Peru, Paraguay, Uruguay, Venezuela, Salvador, Nicaragua, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Brazil, while there are raging seas and long voyage between them and Europe. By the mandate of the United States all that will be changed through new facilities of transportation. The Hispano-American congress just closed at Madrid will fall in its attempt to divert all the trade of South America from us to Europe. What encouraging symptoms that our trade with Cuba and Porto Rico has been quadrupled! But that is only a prophecy. "On the south three gates"—yea, a hundred gates!

In anticipation of what is sure to come, I nail on the front door of this nation an advertisement:

Wanted.—One hundred thousand men to build railroads through South America and the islands of the sea under our protection.

Wanted.—A thousand telegraph operators.

Wanted.—One hundred million dollars' worth of dry goods from the great cities of the United States.

Wanted.—All the clocks you can make at New Haven and all the brains you can spare from Boston and all the bells you can mold at Troy and all the reapers you can fashion at Chicago and all the hams you can turn out at Cincinnati and all the railroad iron you can send from Pittsburgh and all the statesmen that you can spare from Washington.

Wanted.—Right away, wanted by new and swift steamers, wanted by rail-train, lawyers to plead our causes.

Wanted.—Doctors to cure our sick.

Wanted.—Ministers to evangelize our population.

Wanted.—Professors to establish our universities.

"On the south three gates," yea, a thousand gates. South America and all the islands of the sea approximate are rightfully our commercial domain, and the congress of the United States will see to it that we get what belongs to us.

And then tides of travel will be somewhat diverted from Europe to our islands at the south and to the land of the Aztecs. Much of the \$125,000,000 yearly expended by Americans in Europe will be expended in southern exploration, in looking at some of the ruins of the 47 cities which Stephens found only a little way apart and in walking through the great doorways and over the miracles of Mosaic and along by the monumental glories of another civilization, and ancient America will with cold lips of stone kiss the warm lips of modern America, and to have seen the Andes and Popocatepetl will be deemed as important as to have seen the Alpine and Balkan ranges, and there will be fewer people spoiled by foreign travel, and in our midst less of the poor and nauseating imitation of the French shrug and the intentional hesitancy of a brainless foreign swell. The fact is that many are made vain by European travel, and though sensible when they embarked, they return with a collar and a cravat and a shoe and a coat and a pronunciation and a contempt for American institutions and a bend of the elbow that make one believe in evolution backward from man to ape. Of the many thousands who now cross the sea annually thousands will, on pleasure and business, visit southern lands, and so tourists and merchants and scientists and capitalists will all help in this national development. "On the south three gates." And what other nation has such openings for commercial enlargement as ours?

Again, in this international comparison notice the happy condition of our country as compared with most countries; Russia, under the shadow of the dreadful illness of her great and good emperor, who now, more than any man in all the world, represents peace on earth, good will to men, and whose empress, near the most solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul, is

anxious for him to whom she has given hand and heart, not for political reasons, but through old-fashioned love such as blesses our humbler dwellings; India under the agonies of a famine which, though somewhat lifted, has filled hundreds of thousands of graves and thrown millions into orphanage; Austria only waiting for her genial Francis Joseph to die so as to let Hungary rise in rebellion and make the palace of Vienna quake with insurrection; Spain in Carlist revolution and pauperized; Italy under the horrors of her king's assassination; China shuddering with a fear of dismemberment, her capital in possession of foreign nations. After a review of the condition in other lands can you find a more appropriate utterance in regard to our country than the exclamation of the text: "He hath not dealt so with any nation?"

Compare the autumnal report of harvests in America this year and the harvests abroad. Last summer I crossed the continent of Europe twice, and I saw no such harvests as are spoken of in this statement. Hear it, all you men and women who want everybody to have enough to eat and wear. I have to tell you that the corn crop of our country this year is one of the four largest crops on record—2,105,000,000 bushels! The cotton crop, though smaller than at some times, will on that account bring bigger prices, and so cotton planters of the south are prosperous. The wheatfields have provided bread enough and to spare. The potato crop, one of the five largest crops on record—211,000,000 bushels! Twenty-two million two hundred thousand swine slain, and yet so many hogs left!

But now I give you the comparative exports and imports, which tell the story of national prosperity as nothing else can. Excess of exports over imports, \$544,400,000. Now let all pessimists hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth, while all grateful souls fill the churches with dexology.

Notice also that while other countries are at their wits' ends as to their finances this nation has money to lend. Germany, we are glad to see you in Wall street. If you must borrow money, we have it all ready. How much will you have? Russia, we also welcome you into our money markets. Give us good collateral. Meanwhile, Denmark, will you please accept our offer of \$3,000,000 for the island of St. Thomas? My hearers, there is no nation on earth with such healthy condition of finances. We wickedly waste an awful amount of money in this country, but some one has said it is easier to manage a surplus than a deficit.

Besides this, we have in our country plenty of room, while the trans-Atlantic nations are crowded—crowded cities, crowded governments, crowded learned institutions; the population crowded, packed in between the Pyrenees and the Alps, packed in between the English channel and the Adriatic. Yes, on our continent plenty of room. Eight million square miles in North America and all but one-seventh capable of rich cultivation, implying what fertility and commerce! Four basins pouring their waters into the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic and Gulf of Mexico! When I hear a man expressing the fear that this country is going to be crowded, I know right away he has not been in Texas. France has about 59,000,000 of people, but Texas is larger than France; Germany about 67,000,000 of people, but Texas is larger than Germany.

Again, there is no land on earth where the political condition is so satisfactory as in ours. Every two years in the state and every four years in the nation we clean house. After a vehement expression of the people at the ballot box in the autumnal election they all seem satisfied, and if they are not satisfied, at any rate they smile. An Englishman asked me in an English rail train this question: "How do you people stand it in America with a revolution every four years? Would it not be better, like us, to have a queen for a lifetime and everything settled?" But England changes government just as certainly as we do. At some adverse vote in parliament out goes one party and in comes another. Administrations change there, but not as advantageously as with us, for there they may change almost any day, while with us a party in power continues in power at least four years.

It is said that in our country we have more dishonesty in the use of public funds than in other lands. The difference is that in our country almost every officer has a chance to steal, while in other lands a few people absorb so much that the others have no chance at appropriation. The reason they do not steal is because they cannot get their hands on it. The governments of Europe are so expensive that after the salaries of the royal families are paid there is not much left to misappropriate. The emperor of Russia has a nice little salary of \$5,210,000. The emperor of Austria has a yearly salary of \$4,000,000. Victoria, the queen, has a salary of \$2,200,000. The royal plate of St. James palace is worth \$10,000,000. There is a host of attendants, all on salaries, some of them \$5,000 a year, some \$6,000 a year. Comptroller of the household, mistress of the robes, captain of gold stick, lieutenant of silver stick, clerk of the powder closet, pages of the back stairs, master of the horse, chief equerry, equestrian grand falconer, vice chamberlain, clerk of the kitchen, grooms in waiting, lords in waiting, grooms of the court chamber, sergeant-at-arms, barge master and waterman, eight bedchamber women, eight ladies of the bedchamber and so on and so on. All this is only a type of the fabulous expense of foreign governments. All this is paid out of the sweat and blood of the people. Are the people satisfied? However much the Germans like William, and Austria likes Francis Joseph, and England likes her glorious queen, these stupendous governmental expenses are built on a

groan of dissatisfaction as wide as Europe. If it were left to the people of England or Austria or Germany or Russia whether these expensive establishments should be kept up, do you doubt what the vote would be? Now, is it not better that we be overtaxed and the surplus be distributed all over the land than to have it built up and piled up inside of palaces?

Continuing this international comparison, I have to say to you that we have a better climate than is to be found in any other nation. We do not suffer from anything like the Scotch mists or the English fogs or the Russian ice blasts or the Asiatic cholera. Epidemics in America are exceptional, very exceptional. Plenty of wood and coal to make a roaring fire midwinter, easy access to sea beach or mountain top when the ardors of summer come down, Michigan wheat for the bread, Long Island corn for the meal, Carolina rice for the queen of puddings, Louisiana sugar to sweeten our beverages, Georgia cotton to keep us warm. In our land all products and all climates. Are your nerves weak? Go north. Is your throat delicate? Go south. Do you feel crowded and want more room? Go west. I declare it: This is the best country in all the world to live in. How do I know it? I have 650,000 new reasons for saying it. Six hundred and fifty thousand people in one year came from the other side of the Atlantic to live in America, and they came because it is the very best country to live in.

While making this international comparison let us look forward to the time which will surely come when all nations will have as great advantages as our own. As surely as the Bible is true the whole earth is to be gardenized and set free.

Many years ago in this city I gazed upon a scene which for salamiy and grandeur one seldom sees equalled. I mean the burning of the Smithsonian institution. It was the pride of our country. In it art had gathered rarest specimens from all lands and countries. It was one of those buildings which seize you with enchantment as you enter, and all the rest of your life holds you with a charm. I happened to see the first glow of the fires which on that cold day looked out from the windows of the costly pile. I saw the angry elements rear and rave. The shout of affrighted workmen and the assault of fire engines only seemed toadden the rage of the monsters that rose up to devour all that came within reach of their chain. Up along the walls and through the doors were pushed hands that snatched down all they could reach and hurled it into the abyss of flame beneath. The windows of the tower would light up for a minute with a wild glare and then darken, as though fiends with streaming locks of fire had come to gaze on in laughing mockery at all human attempts and then sunk again into their native darkness. With crackle and roar and crash the floors tumbled. The roofs began here and there to blossom in wreaths and vines of flame. Up and down the pillars ran serpents of fire. Out from the windows great arms and fingers of flame were extended, as though destroyed spirits were begging for deliverance. The tower put on a coronet of flame and staggered and fell, sparks flying, the firemen escaping, the terror accumulating. Books, maps, rare correspondence, autographs of kings, costly diagrams burned to clinder or scattered for many a rod upon the wild wind, to be picked up by the excited multitude. Oh, it seemed like some great funeral pile in which the wealth and glory of our land had leaped to burn with its consuming treasures. The heavens were blackened with whirlwinds of smoke, through which shot the long red shafts of calamity. Destruction waved its fiery banner from the remaining towers, and in the thunder of falling beams and in the roaring surge of billowing fire I heard the spirits of ruin and desolation and woe clapping their hands and shouting: "Aha! aha!"

I turned and looked upon the white dome of yonder capitol, which rose through the frosty air as imposing as though all the white marble of the earth had come to resurrection and stood before us, reminding one of the great white throne of Heaven. There it stood, unmoved by the terrors which that day had been kindled before it. No tremor in its majestic columns, no frown on its magnificent sculpture, no flush of excitement in its veins of marble. Column and capital and dome, built to endure until the world itself shatters in convulsions of the last earthquake. Oh, what a contrast between the smoking ruin on the one hand and that gorgeous dream of architecture on the other! Well, the day speeds on when the grandest achievement of man will be consumed and the world will blaze. Down will go galleries of art and thrones of royalty, and the hurricane of God's power will scatter even the ashes of consumed greatness and glory. Not one tower left, not one city unconsumed, not one scene of grandeur to relieve the desolation. Forests dismantled, seas licked up, continents sunk, hemispheres annihilated. Oh, the roar and thundering crash of that last conflagration! But from that ruin of a blazing earth we shall look up to see the temple of liberty and justice rising through the ages, white and pure and grand, unscarred and unshaken. Founded on the eternal rock and swelling into domes of infinitude and glory, in which the halleluials of Heaven have their reverberation. No flame of human hate shall blacken its walls. No thunder of infernal wrath shall rock its foundations. By the upheld torches of burning worlds we shall read it on column and architrave and throne of eternal dominion: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but truth and liberty and justice shall never pass away."

In Zanzibar, cotton goods form the chief article of commerce.

METHODS OF MORMON MISSIONARIES.

BY REV. WM. R. CAMPBELL.

Since the Mormons have been increasing at such a great ratio the past few years, it is interesting and important to know the secret of this phenomenal growth.

My twelve years' study of Mormonism, while laboring in the capacity of a Christian missionary among the Mormon people in Utah, together with several months' experience with the Mormon missionaries who were making "converts" in various parts of our country outside of Utah, noting their methods and their success, has convinced the writer that Mormonism grows neither because of its merits as a system of moral or religious truth, nor alone by appealing to the depravity of the human heart.

If Mormon missionaries were honest enough to begin their efforts with those whom they would "convert" by telling the real truth about Mormon doctrines and practices, they would not make a single convert among decent and intelligent people; but having been trained in the school of deception from their earliest infancy, they come into the homes of unsuspecting people to lead them into the same false ways in which they have been reared. It is perfectly consistent for them to practice all sorts of cunning and deception, as their god and their prophets and their teachers have set them abundant examples in these lines from the beginning. If the reader chooses to make a careful study of Mormonism by following up the reading of this leaflet with a careful study of the entire series of which this is the beginning, he will find that this statement is not any too strong, however extravagant it may seem to him at first.

Let no one, however, imagine for a moment that the writer means to leave the impression that the Mormon missionaries are not sincere in their faith. If they were not sincere, they could not succeed, as they do, in making proselytes; but being sincere, they believe with all their hearts, because they are so trained, that the end justifies the means, and that any sort of deception is justifiable, if it only helps to "win converts and save souls," as they understand.

When Mormon missionaries come into a new community, they do not sound a trumpet before them, as they have found out by long experience that this does not pay. They often are in a community for some time before they make themselves generally known. Finding Christian people off their guard, they "spy out the land" and find out all they can about local church life, who are professing Christians and who are not, how consistent are the lives of those who are church members, who are lukewarm and indifferent. As a rule, they find little difficulty in proselyting those who are weak in the faith, or dissatisfied with their present church relations.

When they are ready to "work" or to "tract" a community, they generally plan to visit systematically from house to house, aiming to call at least three times at each house at short intervals of a day or a week or two, depending somewhat upon circumstances and upon the degree of interest or repugnance manifested by the persons visited.

On the first visit they aim to leave a tract suited to the "state of mind" the person may be in, provided they have had an opportunity to ascertain what that "state of mind" is. If the way is open they will make a "friendly call," or even an extended visit upon a person before presenting the tract. There are generally two of them, as they aim to go two by two, "as the seventies in the days of the Saviour." The principal aim in this first call or visit is to make themselves agreeable and "become acquainted," to "gain the confidence" of the proposed "converts." If the Mormon "elders" or missionaries were to call upon you and find you off your guard, they would make themselves so agreeable that you would be made to feel that they were about the most pleasant fellows that you ever met. They would talk so as to arouse your curiosity, but at the same time avoid, as far as possible, giving you any clear idea of their real character or intentions. The object of this method is to lead you to welcome them to your house again in order to learn more about them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For broken limbs, chilblains, burns, scalds, bruised shins, sore throat, and sores of every kind, apply Ballard's Snow Liniment. It will give immediate relief and heal any wound. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Correspondence.

Madison County.

Peytontown. Miss Adele Phelps who has been teaching public school at Tateville is at home with her parents.

J. C. Burnam is weighing and delivering coal to the persons from whom he secured orders.

Misses Allie M. Watts and Mary Merritt have gone to school at Berea.

Bourbon County.

Millersburg. Mrs. Sallie Lawson was stricken with paralysis a few days ago. This is a second attack she has experienced; it is feared she may not recover.

Sam Breckenridge has returned from a long visit to Champaign, Ill.

Mesdames Kate Allen and Lizzie Hughes are reported as sick.

Aunt Eliza Wheeler, who is blind, has gone to reside with her sister, Mrs. Denny, at Lancaster.

Robert Madden and family have moved to our town from the country. Glad to welcome them.

In biliousness, Herbine, by expelling from the body the excess of bile and acids, improves the assimilative processes, purifies the blood, and tones up and strengthens the entire system. Price, 50 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Clay County.

Ogle. M. H. Frederick visited church at Mudlick, Sunday.

Dora Smith visited relatives here Tuesday.

All the jaundice victims here are recovering.

Sadie Smith returned to her home at Flat Lick, Wednesday.

Vinabelle Jourden is staying with her sister Mrs. Bright.

T. F. Clark visited Flat Lick last week.

George McCruey and wife visited relatives on Goose Creek Saturday and Sunday.

There are few ailments as uncomfortable as piles, but they can easily be cured by using Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment. Relief follows its use, and any one suffering from piles cannot afford to neglect to give it a trial. Price, 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Mason County.

Maysville. The Bethel Baptist Sunday School will have a Christmas tree and exercises, Wednesday night, Dec. 26.

Wattie Johnson is seriously ill at his home in the East end.

Rev. O. A. Nelson baptized nine converts Sunday afternoon, twenty-six were added to the Church.

Mrs. L. D. Henderson is anticipating a trip to Lexington, Christmas.

Everybody is anxiously awaiting the arrival of old Santa Claus.

The two little children of Mrs. Sallie Morton, on the Fleming pike, are sick with the fever. Any attention they may receive will be greatly appreciated. She is a widow lady without support.

Persons having news to publish will do well to consult the newspaper syndicate bureau of the Fifth street High School.

The smallpox scare has about subsided and everything is going on in a lively way.

The disposition of children largely depends upon health. If they are troubled with worms, they will be irritable, cross, feverish, and perhaps seriously sick. White's Cream Vermifuge is a worm expeller and tonic to make them healthy and cheerful. Price 25 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Owsley County.

Gabbard. Mr. John York, of Perry county was here last Wednesday on business.

Abner Baker, who has been very sick is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Isaacs of Egypt, Jackson county, visited relatives here last week.

W. B. Combs, of Little Buffalo, was here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Caudell of Meadow Creek, visited relatives here last week. Their son Alex who lives here returned home with them.

Mr. Wm. Huff, of this place, went to Leslie county Saturday to see his brother who is sick.

C. B. Moore's school at the mouth of Cow Creek, closed Saturday with an exhibition.

Taylor P. Gabbard's school closed Friday.

C. B. Gabbard was on Buffalo Creek a day or two last week.

Merideth Gabbard and brothers are visiting relatives in Jackson county this week.

B. T. Huff has returned home from Leslie Co.

Jackson County.

Clover Bottom. Miss Cora Smith attended Sunday school at Parks' Hill last Sunday.

Rev. W. D. Smith passed through this place last Monday.

Miss Ellen Lake closed her school Dec. 7, with an entertainment. The patrons of the school desire her return as teacher the next term.

Kerby Knob School closed Dec. 4. The teacher, Mr. J. W. Cope, gave entire satisfaction; the attendance during the term was excellent. Mr. Cope manifested great interest in the school. Through his efforts and influence funds have been secured to establish a district library.

Many of our young people have gone to Berea to school; others are preparing to go.

Levi Durham has been on a visit in Ohio during vacation. On his return he spent a few days among friends and relatives here and then went on to Berea to resume his studies. His brother Frank has gone with him to enter school.

Circuit Court convened Monday at McKee.

Charlie Jones entered school at Berea Wednesday. He came back home for a few days on account of a slight illness but will return to his studies as soon as he is able.

The Sunday schools are preparing for Christmas.

Repair That Loom!

Homespun is coming into fashion again, and our girls should keep up the art of spinning. Berea College is finding a market for the products of fireside industry which may bring education and comfort to many homes.

We can pay for well-woven linen 40 cents a yard, jeans 60 cents, linsey 50 cents, well-matched bed coverlets \$4 to \$6. Patent dyes not accepted—old-fashioned indigo preferred.

For information address, JOSEPHINE A. ROBINSON, Homespun Exchange, Berea, Ky.

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THE HOME.

(Edited by the Manager.)

Often Heard It.

A friend of mine likes to tell the different results of two family methods. In one of the households there was a confirmed total abstinence plan, an abhorrence of alcoholic drinks, and the children were carefully guarded against even knowing the taste of liquor. In the other, the best of such things was kept and occasionally used by father and sons, with lessons of moderation. The total abstainer's sons became drunkards in after life, but the boys of the other family kept from excess and were moderate drinkers.

Such instances no doubt occur sometimes, but do they justify the inference that the moderate use of liquor is the safer plan in raising children? We cannot think so, and for several reasons: 1. We cannot find the full amount of influence affecting life and character in the home customs. Tendencies come into child-life from beyond their immediate parents—come from grand and great grand parents, and an appetite from away back may be inherited and sometime assert its power against home custom and instruction. We know that. 2. We cannot stop at the result of moderate use with the children of the family. Their appetite may not break the strength of self-control and pride of character fostered by their strong willed parents. But in their descendants, under other circumstances, it may develop into ruinous activity. The old Virginia farmers had orchards and made cider and brandy.

They kept good liquors on their elegant sideboards and their children grew up in familiarity with the use of strong drink; but what was called excessive drinking was seldom seen in their day. But they sowed the seed and the harvest of drunkenness came later. In my father's house were choice liquors, and well do I recollect detecting the fact in my early boyhood that a love of his fine brandy was growing in my nature, and God gave me sense enough to see my danger and fly from it, young as I was. But for that I should have become a drunkard, as thousands of others similarly raised did.

3. There is a great deal in the way things are taught at home; and when overbearing methods and unreasoning authority are resorted to, reaction and resistance are often brought out, and lead, when freedom from home restraints, comes, to the very opposite course of conduct. Right must become choice and principle in our children, or else they will break away from enforced habits.

4. It is a fact that children are influenced largely by the course of their parents, and statistics show that, as a Chicago Judge has said, "Ninety-five per cent of all the boys in the various reformatories are the children of parents who died through drink, or who became criminals through the same cause." There is no safety in tampering with liquor. It grows on its users. There is danger wherever it is. Let it alone, except to fight and destroy it.—Florida Christian Advocate.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

Time Table in Effect Sept. 1, 1900.

Going North. Train 6, Daily. Leave Berea.....11:49 a. m. Arrive Richmond.....12:20 a. m. Arrive Paris.....3:15 p. m. Arrive Cincinnati.....6:00 p. m. Going South. Train 1, Daily. Leave Berea.....1:22 p. m. Arrive Livingston.....2:18 p. m. J. W. STEVENS, Ticket Agent.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. Dinsmore, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Discipline.

Parents who have signally failed in securing obedience from their children often feel called upon to give advice to the teacher. They gravely offer the information that you cannot drive John. You may lead him or coax him, but you cannot drive him. (The idea that the teacher is a driver is probably a relic of the days when the chief equipment of the school was a good whip, and the highest qualification of the teacher was the ability to use it effectively.) At once there comes to the teacher's mental vision a picture of such a parent's method. It is, "Please, John! Come now, be a good boy; oh, do; I think you might," and so on with all the inflections, circumflexes and pleading accents of which the voice is capable. But John is used to this kind of moral suasion and takes it for what it is—weakness instead of kindness. The wise teacher thanks the parent for this insight into John's character, remarking what a good thing it is for patrons and teacher to have a perfect understanding. At the same time she wonders why it is that people who have utterly failed in controlling their children should be so anxious to have the teacher adopt the same method, and inwardly determines to take a very different course. What the boy needs is firmness, strength, decision, and this the teacher supplies, using vigorous means if necessary. The child soon perceives the difference between weak coaxing on the one hand and strong leadership on the other, and not only adapts himself to the changed conditions, but admiring the strong will of one who is able to command obedience imbibes some of that character and begins to be self-controlling. Many a boy's parents are so weak that he is practically an orphan; but coming under the tuition of a strong and self-reliant teacher he first learns self-control, then self-guidance and finally to command others. This discipline is worth more than all the knowledge gained from books, but it is most easily, and perhaps only, acquired along with knowledge.—American Journal of Education.

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The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations.

For information and friendly advice address the Vice-President, GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, L. L. D. - Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. Mason, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Save the Forests.

J. P. Brown, Secretary of Indiana Forestry Association.

The rain, upon which we depend for every farm crop, has become irregular since the denudation of so vast timber areas.

Each summer we see protracted drouth; streams which formerly were permanent in their flow, have become dry beds; innumerable springs, which were the reliance of our fathers, now cease entirely for months; in many places stock must be driven long distances for water to sustain life; crops of grain, grass, fruit and all vegetation suffer in midsummer, often failing entirely, over large areas, as the clouds fail to send us rain.

After a season the rains come in torrents and cease not; the soil is washed from the hillsides; deep gullies are cut in the sloping fields; the roots and vegetable deposits of the forest having decayed are swept by the current into the streams and by them borne to the ocean.

The Ohio river which was but two or three feet in depth during the drouth, rapidly rises as streams from every direction are poured in, when it reaches the height of 74 feet, spreads over farms and villages along its course, causing great destruction all the way; while the Mississippi overflows its banks, pouring its flood forty miles in width through Missouri and Arkansas.

A moderate proportion of forest land, properly distributed, would remedy this great evil, or at least moderate it, by holding back in the spongy soil and leaf mould a portion of water unto time of need.

Extensive woodlands are the very best reservoirs for the accumulation of surplus water which falls as rain or snow; and when times of drouth come these reservoirs gradually feed springs and streams, making them permanent, while evaporation from forest tracts makes a moist atmosphere.

Agriculture has become unprofitable upon thousands of hillsides from which the soil has been washed, leaving rocks projecting from a hard sub-soil, difficult to cultivate and unproductive.

Such tracts can be profitably planted with some kinds of forest trees, which in time will renew the fertility of the land and enrich those fields below, which receive the wash from these woodlands.

It is well known that a certain quantity of moisture is essential to the growth of every form of vegetation, the crops which are grown for the use of man requiring a greater supply of water than plants which have adapted themselves by centuries of succession to an arid situation.

It is not so well known, yet it is an equally positive proposition, that forest growths are necessary to a regular supply of moisture, and, as a consequence, to the success of agricultural crops.

(To be continued.)

To Whom it may Concern:

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